

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue,
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappy,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.

What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Eliane* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worship it,
And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Native Clime.

What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet *Aeolus* would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.
The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, perish *Eliane*.

As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,
I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For loosing ken of *Albions* wish'd Coast.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy soule inconstancie)
To sit and watch me as *Aescanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.

Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Eliane*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost liue so long.

Noyse within. Enter *Warwicke*, and many.

Commons. Enter *Salisbury*, and many.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfries* Traiterously is murthered

By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*.
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpses,
And comment then vpon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay *Salisbury*
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgeth all things, stay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunkes,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
War. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this
body.

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made,
For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
I do beleue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solem tongue:
What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for his vow,
What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for his face.

War. See how the blood is feeld in his face.
Of haue I scene a timely-parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aydancie 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.

But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And rugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdued,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murthered here,
The least of all these signes were probable.

Suff. Why *Warwicke*, who should do the D. to death?
My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope sir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were yow'd D. *Humfries* foes,
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well scene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kye soare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so suspicious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kye? where are his Fallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, prouid Lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfries* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare
him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
For every word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes preface makes me milde,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Gue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfries* Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queen. What noyse is this?

*Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their
Weapons drawne.*

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trait'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salib. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your
minde.